Sung To the Tune of Anything At All

The sailor danced the whole
 insinuated night,

went along home, hers,
 to his dismay.

Her apparatus like his
own, though greater,

he beat to death
     this epicine coquette.

Papers made a lot of it,
    asking who is safe,

but at the trial he swung
the hirsute jury by detail.

A college town, thus
used to universals,

it rankled to a man,
both black and blond:

    First to be deceived,
    and then outdone.